

roof garden of the Utah on Wednesday. It was a delightful affair, attended by twenty of her friends.

George Knox has returned from San Francisco. A beautiful dinner was given at the Country club on Monday evening in honor of Robert Kelly of Denver, by Mr. and Mrs. Alfred H. DeNike. Covers were laid for twelve.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Bamberger and Miss Dorothy Bamberger arrived from Cononado on Monday and are at the Utah, where they will spend the summer.

Mrs. Lewis B. McCornick returned on Monday from San Francisco and on Wednesday returned there with her children to be with her mother, Mrs. Margaret Blaine Salisbury until fall.

Miss Sybil Walker and Miss Adelaide Woodruff returned early in the week from Boston, where they have spent the winter.

Miss Florence Kimball returned to Salt Lake on Wednesday. She has been in Boston during the winter engaged in musical work.

The marriage of Miss Mary Howell, daughter of Congressman and Mrs. Joseph Howell to David I. Stoddard of Le Grande, Ore., took place at the temple Thursday morning. A wedding breakfast followed after which Mr. and Mrs. Stoddard left for Baker City, Ore., where they will reside.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Selfridge are at home at 118 C street.

Mrs. Joseph F. Nibley has returned from New York, where she has spent the past three months.

Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Baum have returned from Phoenix, Ariz., and are at the Newhouse hotel.

Mrs. Arthur G. Hertzler and daughter have arrived from Pennsylvania and will be at home for a day or two with Mr. and Mrs. W. H. McIntyre. Mrs. McIntyre, Mrs. Hertzler, Mrs. Fred Dorn and the Misses Margaret and Marian McIntyre will leave next week for San Diego to spend the summer.

### "DANCING AROUND"

It is just as well it is worth two dollars to see and hear Al Jolson, albeit his voice does not appear to be quite so good as on previous occasions. Without him and his inimitable fun and music all that would be left of this supposed Winter Garden show would be a lame book, tedious in the extreme, ill-fitting lyrics and other music uninspired, a chestnut runway, and a bovine chorus such as no Winter Garden audience ever saw.

It isn't pleasant to record the bunk, with the memory of shining offerings from the Garden fresh in mind, but surely that is what the provinces are getting this time, for besides the missing attractions in the chorus, numerous principals have been left at home.

But that isn't of so much consequence, for no matter how clever one might be, it would be difficult to do anything with this mess concocted by Atteridge, Romberg, Carroll, Huffman, and Melville Ellis.

Everyone enjoyed Al to the limit, despite his environment, which, however, contained a dancer or two worth seeing. There were few of the colorful effects usually seen in the Garden productions, and not a spark of the old life unless perhaps in the Venetian carnival.

Al Jolson with his personality and cleverness saved the night, which most of those with him made tiresome. But even with such a star, the day is passing when producers can pack up some overworked scenery, tramp comedians, and bandy-legged reminders of a happier youth, and with only one real feature, say: "\$2 please—I'm the past grand separator and collector, and it serves you right for living so far from New York."

"Can you see a show like the one we have with us getting by up above Longacre square?"

### PANTAGES

The zenith in musical offerings in vaudeville is reached at Pantages this week by Raul Pereira and the half dozen musicians with him. A certain elegance marks every detail of the performance which is most unusual in every way, and contrary to the opinion that the act would be a bit too high-brow for the average follower of vaudeville, it has made a tremendous hit with all classes. Without exaggerating, it is one of the most beautiful offerings ever heard in vaudeville here. Beeman and Anderson open the bill with some extraordinary roller skating and another fine feature is the appearance of Gertrude Van Dyck and brother in a "fetching singing pianologue," whatever that is, though it goes with a vim and is worth all of the applause it has been greeted with. Theirs is a clean-cut performance with a display of splendid musical talent, though Gertrude's dancing is less attractive than her manner and voice. The Reed brothers have a nut acrobatic act in which the acrobatic tricks are A 1, though the nut part of the program could be trimmed to advantage. Allie Hanson is an attractive girl who sings a song or two and the Pantagescope is especially interesting. All in all it is a very good bill, even if it does contain the "distinguished Metropolitan stars" James F. Dolan and Ida Lenharr in "A High-Toned Burglar's Christmas Tree," which is about as funny as "The Dead March From Saul."

Manager Newman announces the appearance next week of Maude Leone in her former husband's (Willard Mack) one-act sketch, "Inside Stuff." She will be welcomed here by many old friends, who formerly admired her work in stock in this city.

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### BIG SHOW COMING

The circus is coming; coming with its wagons of gilt and glitter, and everything else that goes to make up a wonderful, happy day beneath the great spreading tents. For on Thursday, June 17, there will arrive in Salt Lake the Sells-Floto circus and Buffalo Bill's original Wild West for one day's exhibition, afternoon and night.

Many features are with the circus this year, principal among which are Colonel William Frederick Cody (Buffalo Bill) with his entire retinue of Indians, riders, ropers, cowboys, cowgirls, rangers, soldiers and vaqueros; and Rosa Rosalind, the Maid of Mystery. It is said that never in the history of America has there been an equestrienne like Rosa Rosalind. One after another she turns airsets, "flipflops" and somersaults upon the back of a plunging horse until it is almost impossible for the eye to follow her.

Then, too, there are many other features to be seen with the big show this year, Captain Recardo and his lions, Lucia Zora and her three herds of performing elephants, Devlin's Zouaves, the forty clowns, Rhoda Royal and his horses, and hundreds of acrobats, aerialists, contortionists and tumblers.

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### MME. BODENHOFF COMING

It is announced that Mme. Florence Boden-hoff, the well known grand opera star, has been engaged by the management of the Hotel Utah and will appear nightly in the roof garden beginning the week of June 21st. Mme. Boden-hoff has made her greatest success in "Madam Butterfly," and "Samson and Delila" and is one of the greatest sopranos in the country. She sings in English, French, German, and Danish. During the coming week when the National Association of Credit Men will have their convention here, a number of special soloists and a quartette will appear nightly in the Utah roof.

### ELBERT HUBBARD

By Michael Monahan.

In Michael Monahan's great little magazine, "The Phoenix," that writer pays a tribute to the late Elbert Hubbard which shows the sweet spirit possessed by the man, for the feud between Hubbard and Monahan was a bitter one and dated back to some time near the beginning of the century. Mr. Monahan's appreciation of the sage of East Aurora is printed below.

I returned, and saw under the sun that the race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong . . . . . but time and chance happeneth unto all.

This text from the preacher was often on the lips of Elbert Hubbard in the days of our intimacy, the beginning of which was twenty years ago. It supplied the title for his novelized life of John Brown of Ossawatimie (perhaps his most ambitious attempt at book-writing.) He recurred to it again and again in his essays, as if it were the ground-note of his thought. Beyond question, it haunted him like a threat of Destiny, for having come a little late to his chosen work, no man was ever more wrought upon by a fury to achieve—to accomplish—to do his stint at whatever cost, and pass on!

And like a finger pointed with flame, it rose before my mind with the first rumor of his terrible fate. There, I said, is the burden of all the years . . . . . the unseen menace that so often oppressed his spirit. And the preacher's words knelled in my ear with a crushing weight of irony. For here indeed was a case, if ever there were one, in which the race was not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong.

Elbert Hubbard was a fatalist. I saw this from an early moment of our acquaintance. Many took this trait for a pose; some deduced from it a character for heartlessness, which they freely thrust upon him. Both were wrong. His fatalism was deeply rooted in his nature, and it imparted a certain melancholy Hamlet-like charm to his personality (I speak of him as I first knew him.) His gait was that of a man who would be wise and cautious in all ways, but who knew that the ordering of ultimate destinies is not within any man's power. He carried himself bravely and jauntily, yet with circumspection; and often he seemed to pause and listen for a word of the Fates. I could not imagine him playing the coward to Destiny. Short as was the grave allotted him, I believe he stood up like a brave man in the last awful moment, and that no man on the Lusitania met his death with a stronger soul.

But he died not alone. The woman who had been the great love of his life,—and for whom in the eyes of the world he had made shipwreck of his life,—shared his death. Hand in hand they went together into the Silence, called home by the Searcher of hearts, to whom alone is judgment. I must think it a lovely and enviable consummation for these two, with just the touch of tragedy needed to make their story immortal; she, I am sure, would not have avoided such a death to live a queen!

But swift upon this thought, with its gracious and healing implications, comes regret at the striking down of the strong worker, the paralysis of that hive of industry of which he was the busy directing brain, the dismay of a community which loses in him its bond of union and support, the grief of the many throughout the country who admired his ready and versatile talent. And once more we realize that the empty space where but just now stood a strong man, is the most woeful thing in nature.

The present writer was unlucky enough to have been estranged from Elbert Hubbard some fourteen years ago by circumstances which need not now be recalled. The quarrel was actively served and diligently promoted by our common friends:—I don't think the hearts of the principals were ever much in it. But it was a very